Turn on de wadda....

It was HYDROTHERAPY....

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Sam in toque and sun-glasses strode down Thing Street, the Custer book under his arm.

His long black hair swept over the collar of his red ski jacket. His jaws were dark with stubble. Johnny usually met him at the Cripp's Store or the Damnation Army.

Today he'd come to the Cripp's Store for the Zombies' weekly auction. They had several display cases full of things. Each camera, piece of silverware, pair of binoculars, etc. was tagged with a number for bidding.

Sam politely asked Johnny how he was doing, now that he'd been laid off. The term was inappropriate, considering that he only got a small commission on what he sold, and in his last weeks at the store he hadn't sold anything. He was the same. He was surviving. The only difference was he missed the things. In his way he was as addicted as the worst of them. He been in the store only yesterday, wondering when Romeo was going to let him sell again.

Sam said he'd heard that was the plan.

Johnny said he hoped so. It was fun, and sometimes it paid. He said maybe he shouldn't have said that to a customer.

Sam told him not to worry. Romeo told him everything. How he bought things in the States, had to pay duty, taxes, gas. The exchange rate really killed him....

What a sob story. He knew Romeo hadn't told Sam everything. Those fan-backs he bought for six hundred dollars, cost Romeo five. They were Praetorius's....

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Occasionally Elliott attempted to be witty, as in his attack on poor Mr. Floody, a businessman. Elliott disclosed the apparent embezzlement of some $3000 on sanitary improvements, which he couldn't discover anywhere in the Home. He scoffed at Mr. Floody's defense, a letter in which he asserted that the Board was up-to-date, and on a par with the best managed institutions of the kind in the Dominion. Elliott ironically agreed, because conditions were everywhere appalling....

Elliott punned on the absent brass taps and tapping Floody's letter, Floody's surname and the flood of light or rather illusion in which he daily saw the Home, as a close observer on Close Avenue, one street over from Dunn Avenue, suggestive of DOINGS of the Board (6) and his close relationship with Miss Martin, the Secretary: Then Maggy has a little lamb, and did this little lamb write his own little letter (of 12th March), by his very own little self? (6).

Elliott embellished his story and, ultimately, reinforced his version of reality by finding correspondences between it and the names of the things involved in it and of the streets where they worked and lived....

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